All Experts Use Royal Baking Powder

Perfect and uniform success in making finest food is more certain with Royal Baking Powder than with any other. Use it in every receipt calling for a baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, and the best results in pure, wholesome, appetizing food are assured. Experts use it because it adds to their success. Physicians and Health Officers recommend it because it adds to the wholesomeness of the food.

MARION HARLAND: "I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best in the market. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other.'

MISS MARIA PARLOA: "It seems to me that the Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be. I have used it a great deal and always with satisfaction."

MRS. BAKER, Principal of Washington, D. C., School of Cookery: "I say to you, without hesitation, use the 'Royal.' I have tried all, but the Royal is the most satisfactory." M. GORJU, late Chef, Delmonico's, New-York: "In my use

of Royal Baking Powder, I have found it superior to all others." A FORTIN, Chef, White House, for Presidents Arthur and Cleveland: "I have tested many baking powders, but for finest food can use none but 'Royal."

-AMUSEMENTS .-

CRAWFORD GRAND O M. L. CRAWFORD, Manager.

One night only, Wednesday December 2nd. Direct from New York City, Elliot Barnes ensational Millitary Dramus:

-:- IRISH CORPORAL-:-With the Youngest successful Star-.- F. GORDON MEADE .-Supported by an excellent and full Comedy Company, Under the Management of Frank Rich

Company, Under the Management of Frank Rich.

Crowded Houses Everywhere!

Better than Shenandoah!

A Whirlwind of Comedy!

Eillot Barnes' Turilling life Picture of the Late War, woven into a Dramatic work of wonderful Magnetism, beauty and power, and interpersed with the best and Drollest of Eccentric Irish and Character Comedy.

AMERICAN MILITARY COMEDY Touches on many episodes of the last struggle with arms by our brothers and fathers, vividly showing the horrors, vicisitudes and comicalities of Life in the Army. Introducing many Characters New to the Stage.

A Cyclone of Mirth!

many Character
A Cyclone of Mirth!
An Avalanche of fun, fun!
A World of Amusement!

CRAWFORD GRAND. F. F. OGSTON, Local Manager, One night only, Friday Dec. 4.

The leading German dialect comedian of -o-BAR NONE-

PETE BAKER, America's most Versatile Comedian, in his newly reconstructed Musical Comedy.

THE EMIGRANT

UNITARIAN FAIR. Monday, Tuesday, Wed.

December 7, 8, 9.

Entertainments Each Evening. "Plantation Scenes" by prominent

amateurs. "Chronothanatoletron" a spectacular kaleidosoope.
"Phantom Quadrille" a wierd novelty

"Humanaphone" a wonderful instru Fair Bulletin-Changed Daily.

U nique fancy articles N ever before seen in Wichita.

N ever before seen in Wichita.

1 nk is inadequate
T o describe their beauty.
A Il offered at extremely
R casonable prices.
1 sn't this a rare chance?
A liogether the event of the season;
N or to be missed.

F riends in the east, New York. nd Washington, Boston, Plymonth, nterested in our church have sent R are as well as useful articles.

Butler Block, S. Main, opposite new City building. No stairs to climb.

REAL ESTATE.

(Furnished by the Deam Abstract Co.) The records in the register of deeds office show the following buyers of real estate: Wm A Smith 8 9 James st Millards sub division w d ... R A Bell 101 103 105 107 Riverside add

John W Walter 13 14 15 16 blk 13 Junction Town Co add 188 140 142 Wellesley ave Fairmount 2nd add 148 145 147 149 Emporia ave Engle

Instructions in free hand crayoning and oil painting given by Miss Carrie Evelyn Coe, at the studio in the Lewis academy.

Dr. J. T. Everett of 400 East Douglas avenue is prepared to make chemical analysis, either qualitative or quantitative at Italian Band-With harp, violin and

flute will turnish music for special occa-sions. Call at 150 North Main street, room No. 5.

Kate M. Waynick will open her studio bec, 2nd in the Zimmerly building, room 0. dll 6t*

t Louis and Return, Cheap.
On Nov. 28 and 29 we will sell tickets to St. Louis at the rate of \$17.50 for the round trip, good returning until Dec. 2. 91.
E. E. BLECKLEY, P. &. T. A. Missouri Pacific Ry., 120 N. Main. 681

Missouri Facina 1892,

Rock Island calendars for the year 1892 for free distribution at the city ticket office, 100 corner Main and Douglas Call and get one before they are all gone.

W. H. Wishant,
City Ticket and Pass, Agt.,
Wichita, Kan.

Velasco is the only deep-water port on the Texas coast. It is the commercial hope of the Transmississippi country. A grand harbor opening will occur at Velasco on Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1891. You are invited to attend. A magnificent oyster roast will be tendered the visitors by the hospitable people of Velasco on the 15th of December, followed by a ride through the jettles into the Gulf, where you can measure the depth of water over the bar and convince yourself that at Velasco has been achieved, by private capital, that which the United States government after the expenditure of millions, has been unable to accomplish at any other point on the Gulf coast. On Dec. 16 and 17 there will be a public sale of lots in Velasco. More than \$600,000 worth of property has been sold, unsolicited by us, and everybody who has touched Velasco property has made money. Our city is four months old and has nearly 2,000 inhabitants. In the very nature of things there is bound to be a great city on the Gulf coast. That city will be Velasco.

VELASCO HARBOR OPENING.

Come down and see the infant city rates on all railroads. Enquire for tickets

to Velasco. BRAZOS RIVER CHANNEL AND DOCK CO. Velasco, Tex. d11 e.o.d 5t Baldwin & Son, photographers, for fine hoto's. Call and get the "Aristo," the inest finished pictures on earth.

First Floor Blanks. Blanks of every description can be found in the business office of the EAGLE, first floor, in quantities to suit. Call at the counter.

ter and have their pictures taken at the best gallery in Wichita. Baldwin & Son, 118 East Douglas. 4 tf

From Mrs. Stevens' letter to Mrs. Havs: From Mrs. Stevens' letter to Mrs. Havs:
"Get a first-class tuner to tune my piano
for the concert on its arrival at Wichita.
It is in very bad shape. Some old fossil
has tampered with the hammers.

NEALY STEVENS.

Miss Nealy Stevens requested me to say
to Mr. T. G. Lane that she was very much
missased with the way be tuned and recon-

pleased with the way he tuned and regu-lated her piano, as it was in very bad con-dition when it reached Wichita. Respect-fully, Mrs. D. Hays. Mr. Lane is the tuner in the employ of Thomas Shaw. How the Wind Blew.

from forty-five to fifty miles an hour for six weeks. It blew and it blew and there

were secured with immense ox chains. "I took a train for the east one fine morning with the breeze still blowing at that terrific rate. It happened that the direc-tion of the wind was exactly the same as the train. The track was as straight and level as a foot rule for 500 miles. Going out on the rear platform I lighted a wax taper and stuck it between the boards. It burned as straight as if in a closed room. There was not a flicker. The wind and the train were going at the same rate of speed and there was a perfect calm."-Brooklyn Eagle.

windward and in many cases the houses

Baths in Paris One Hundred Years Ago. a hundred years ago, or at the commenceas swimming baths are numerous one ob-serves the proprieties without being greatly incommoded. The bathtubs of the end of the last and the commencement of the present century were made with a view to economizing hot water. They were, in reality, tubs slightly elongated, with the his horse quietly grazing near at hand. head slightly raised, in which one could neither conveniently sit nor lie at length. may still be seen at the Grevin museum, and one of those of Bonsparte at Fontaine. his hand at them, For his part he was an and one of those of Bonsparte at Fontaine. blean. Neither is of a model that would wondering what had brought them to meet any sort of favor in America. Before the revolution wealthy French nobles had company on his way should it also prove luxurious baths made in the form of sofus, theirs, reclining chairs or conches. Sometimes dered what made them eye him so in-baths were made sufficiently capacious to tently and kept them all so silent. At a accommodate several persons at a time -

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. Her Favorite.

"Breakfast," said Miss Passee, "is my to hold up his hands favorite meal." "Naturally," retorted Miss Perte; "one is younger at breakfast than at dinner."-

A STROKE OF LIGHTNING.

"Welcome, stranger. Can you take pot luck with us? Hi, Jim, bring another plate for the gentleman. Just picket your hoss, sir, and make yourself at home. This is Cap'n Wilson; his brother Dan; my name is Holt. The boys generally calls me 'Guvner,' 'cause the governor of this state is named Holt toono relation to me though. Elliott, Victor Elliott, did you say the name was? Glad to see you. This venison is good; pitch in and help yourself; we've just

got through." Such was the greeting received one autumnal evening back in the Seventies by a lone horseman who rode up to the camp of an engineering party of the Rio Grande railway in Colorado. As the stranger sat eating his supper, thoroughly at ease with the men he had never even heard of an hour before, the others watched him curiously, wondering who he might be, and his destination-where

Fine looking fellow he was, too, about thirty-five years old, with a well knit figure, piercing black eyes, hair the same color, curly as a child's, strong white teeth that gleamed through his mustache, and a lazy, good natured, gentlemanly air that made friends for him so easily. His hands especially attracted their attention. They were as white, the nails as neatly trimmed, as a woman's. He ate on, unconscious of their glances, until his appetite was appeased, then stretched himself face downward on the ground watching the fire and talking with the others.

Said he: "See my mare over there? Isn't she a beauty? She came from New Mexico. I was down there at a round up several years ago. Must have been 300 head of horses at the corrals. As I stood idly watching the work I saw a horse vault into the air, clearing an eight foot fence at a bound, and was off like the wind. Far out on the prairie the vaqueros captured her and brought her in. This is the mare. She was too nest and pretty to be branded, and I bought her for \$100 in gold. She ought to be tired, for I've ridden her hard to-

As he finished speaking he gave a low, peculiar whistle and the mare whinnied in return, a perfect picture as she stood with mane and tail flying in the breezes, outlined against the foothills.

Soon all the men were wrapped in their blankets, feet to the fire, and fast asleep-all but one. That one was Elliott. The glowing embers, now and again emitting a crackle and spark as a bit of resin caught fire, pleased his fancy as he lay watching them, his thoughts miles away. He seemed again playing poker in the gambling hell in Bluffville with stacks of chips in front of him, and their musical clink rang in his ears.

"What great luck I did have in that jack pot, standing all the raises on a cossessing the strength of a giant. Cheap pair of jacks, but when I drew in two more in my three card draw against those pat hands, I felt easier. Guess I cleared five thousand on the afternoon game. Lucky for me I cashed in and went to supper. I was only in a few hundred when that row came up."

He felt of his belt. Yes, the money was safe, strapped around his waist un-

"I wonder if that fellow's dead yet, Magnificently staged and costumed far more richly than any comedy production of the present day, and embodies all that is hardsome, and all company of acknowleged vocal and comedy ability.

New Songs, "Creep, Raby Creep," "Hiptolitic that they must establish their claims in the court of common pleas, and shop," "I am Dutch, but I Ain't No Fool," "The Little Coquette." original love song with guitar accompaniment. The great character o'clock p. m. F. W. Oliver. Receiver.

Sounder.

Notice.

The supreme court having established that shot. When the ngar that shot, when the name is that shot, when the name is that shot, when the ngar that shot, when the name is th find Mollie over at that railroad town. She was to have reached there yesterday, and I'm late, but I guess she'll wait. How sleepy I am! Dear old Moll"-And he slept the sleep that only outdoor exercise can give.

Early dawn found the party breakfasted, and Elliott, bidding his hosts goodby, started once more on the trail to that lonely mountain village where the railroad should bring his loved one to him.

Busy with their plans and the repair of their surveying instruments for the consequence he was full of most marvelous experiences which put Munchausen in the shade and made Colonel Tom Ochil- whose sudden appearance startled them tree an inexperienced and veracious young-ster by comparison. Here is one of his armed to the teeth with rifles, revolvers stories: "I was traveling on the Q. B. and and bowie knives and laden only with R. or some other road with three letters. the camp equipage of a short journey. The wind had been blowing over the town where I had been stopping at the rate of the leafer courtedusty inquired if they had seen a tall dark man dessed in a had seen a tall, dark man dressed in a corduroy suit. The description fitted was no let up. The shingles had to be fas-tened to the roofs with rivets and the male soon elicited the desired information and population were no whiskers. Doors and started on up the valley, simply youchvindows were closed and battened to safing the information that the gentleman had gone on ahead of them and they wished to overtake him.

Riding at a slow, easy lope away from the camp where he had spent the night

and been so hospitably entertained, Elliott felt the exhilaration of the fresh mountain air and quickened his horse's pace to a gallop. The mare caught the bit in her teeth and away they went, faster and faster. Thus it was that the party riding over the same track, handicapped by having to watch for the imprint of the horse's hoofs as they went along, did not eatch sight of Elliott until The Parisians who preferred cold baths about midday. The trail, narrow in the foothills, led them to a more traveled ment of this century, took them in the road, which showed the marks of a and he pictured himself in the thick of Seine, without paying serious attention to wagon having traveled it. This road the fight. If he only had that chance! those who were passing along the quays. led them to an old adobe hut, the roof The Paris of today is more scrupulous, but looking strange to the men accustomed to seeing shingle and board roofs. As the party came nearer to this deserted home of cowboys in other days they saw Elliott sitting on an empty pork barrel, leaning up against the side of the house,

When near enough to recognize him the party quickened their pace, and That in which Marat was assassinated laughed grimly when they saw him wave this out of the way place, but glad of the When they came nearer he wongiven signal each man of the party covwred him with a weapon, and the leader, acting as spokesman, commanded him

> "What in hell has got into you fellows?" asked Elliott. "Shut up," answered the leader. "El- After a long, long time he seemed to latest and best.

want any talk from you at all. Hank Green lived long enough night before last to tell who killed him, and you've

got to swing for it. Come on, boys." Elliott's protestations of his innocence were not even listened to. His weapons were taken from him, his hands tied behind him, and quicker than it takes to tell it one of the party had shinned up a tree which stood handily near and fas-tened a lasso to a limb. The empty pork barrel was rolled out under it, turned up on end, and Elliott was stood on it, while one of the men with no gentle hand knotted the rope about his neck, leaning over his saddle to complete the

His captors gathered about him and he was commanded to speak out if he had anything to say. Only a slight push would have sent the barrel from beneath his feet. He could feel the cold sweat upon his brow, hear the beating of his heart. It sounded clear and distinct in his ears as he began his farewell speech

to his merciless judges.
"Boys," said he, "you are dead wrong. I did not kill Hank Green. That revolver you have there was mine, and I did fire those empty chambers, but at no man. I fired them in the air to make the confusion greater after the row to give us all a chance to escape before the sheriff or any other outsiders would dare to come in upon us. I swear that I did not kill that man and I do not know who killed him."

A burst of hearse laughter was his

"As God is my judge, men, I am innocent. Do you think I would lie about it, standing here on the brink of eternity? If justice will not free me, will money? I have plenty of it here with me now. What do you say?"

"Push the barrel, Bill," cried one of his persecutors. "Line him out. We'll take the money home to Hank Green's woman; that's what we'll do."

The old man who acted as leader had been quietly watching the condemned man's face. A conviction that somehow or other Hank was mistaken forced itself upon him.

"Pardners," said he, "there may something in this man's proposition after all. We followed him here to hang him, but d-n me if I don't believe we have treed the wrong toad. I never heard of this man's doing anything that wan't square. Did any of you?" "Hang him anyway," spoke up one of

the men "No, that's not right, boys. Where is that money, Elliott?"

Taking off the belt as directed, he led the way to one side to try and save his life. It was no use to talk to the party however. The best he could do was done. Elliott saw the men mount their horses, and hope rose within his breast as he saw them untie his mare, and bringing her with them ride slowly to

"Elliott." said the leader, "there are seven of us. Four think you ought to stood splintered and broken. die, three do not. We have decided to take your valuables and your horse back to Hank's widow and leave you here, just as you are, alive. There ain't much prospect of your getting away, but we won't murder you and we won't set you free. You swore to God you were innocent. Let your God see to it you are freed or have mercy on your soul. Come

on, boys, our job is finished." With that he rode away, the others following him, and none of them looked back as they returned over the way they had come. Off in the distance the men noticed the mare throw up her head and listen a moment and then whinny. One of them setentiously remarked, "She must have heard that whistle, boys, but she'll never hear it again on earth."

"I've got my boots on to die in, anyway," said the man on the barrel, and | anew. he smiled grimly as he thought of the It was with a heart full of hanning prayado of his boyish remark years be- and gratitude to Almighty God for his fore, that he "didn't want any lingering miraculous escape that he mounted the sickness and death in his." There wasn't a cowardly bone in his body. He really felt relieved when the men had gone, for he at least had his thoughts to himself as long as he lived. There was no one to here to be with me, expecting to give up jeer, no curious spectators around to the comforts of city life," said he, as worry him and he calmly awaited the end. He could feel the barrel oscillate | bringing him to her. "Those drafts that beneath his feet, knew that there was but a few inches slack in the rope, and | will come in handy now. We will go that a false movement and a slight change in equilibrium meant strangulation and death.

His card playing proclivities stood him in good stead. He was a good enough poker player to know that the game consisted pure and simple of relative calculation of percentages and opportunities. He who takes his money upon the torn or chances of cards soon

learns one lesson-to patiently bide his

The last words of the leader of the party kept constantly recurring to him. strange events of the week gone by. It was with no religious sentiment that he thought of possible deliverance, but with the conviction that he deserved better than a death like this. Seemingly in sympathy with his situa-

tion and his mood, the twilight hours now fast approaching brought warning of a storm. He noticed this with pleasure, for both hunger and thirst had asserted themselves. He awaited the soft, that he had made the widow a present cooling rain which he saw approaching up over the mountains with a feeling of relief. The leaves had fallen off the tree, winter was so near at hand, and he turned his face to the sky to catch the fast falling drops upon his face and tongue. The moisture refreshed him, and he felt his courage revive and hope once more spring up within his breast. The long roll of distant thunder and the vivid bursts of lightning did not even and lariat. Its history is seldom toldawe him. It seemed like a great battle, the fight. If he only had that chancel How welcome it would be, and how happily he could await the bullet that would send him into the great unknown, and the news be flashed borne by the wires, "Victor Elliott died a hero's death at his post on the field of battle."

The center of the storm approached nearer. The gusts of wind blew more frequently and the rain poured down upon him until he was wet to the skin. Without warning, there came a short, quick flash-he saw a blaze of light about him and all was changed. He seemed falling, falling into endless space, and then, mounting upward, he rode on the wings of light. Impatiently be seemed blinking his eyes, so that he might see more plainly this wendrous, beautiful scene. Sparks of fire seemed to obliterate his sight and burn into his brain. He tried to speak, to cry aloud. His heart seemed bursting with an ecstatic joy, but he could not make a sound. Then all was a blank.

Many Years. All Manner of Medicines and Doctors Fail. Cured in One Month by Cuticura.

In 1885 I had an eruption come out on my skin and while at first it did not amount to much, it grow to be very aggressing and at times imbearable. The skin would get hard, inflamed, and peoff, leaving an entire new skin, acting same way for weeks at a time, always worse at nights. Have tried all kinds of medicines and had doctors prescribe to no effect. I bought a box of CUTICURA RENEDIES and used CUTICURA RESIDENT for my bloot. I am fully erned and in less than a month historics and used CUTICLEA RESIDENCE for my bisost, I am fully cured, and in less than a mouth It was a most aggrevating skin disease, and now I am enjoying ease and comfort. I have had un-toid tenefits. Anyone trying CUTICLEAR EMERCIES cannot help but derive benefit. Anyone writing me will receive an answer and my advice to give your KEWHILLES ATTOR. Manager Postal Telegraph-Cable Co., Garden City, Kansaa.

Doctor Uses Cuticura We have opened a drug more at this place and are having a spiendid sale on CUTICURA REMEDIES. are having a spiendid sale on CUTICURA REMEDIES. which we keep a full stock of. I would not be without your CUTICURA RESOLVERT, CUTICURA, and CUTICURA SOAP for \$500 just for the benefit it did my little boy. When he was six moutns old, his face was covered with eczema, and CUTICURA REMEDIES cared it. He is now three years old. We still use the CUTICURA SOAP, and wash him occasion; with it, to prevent his skin from cetting. occasionly with it, to prevent his skin from getting sough. We have handled your medicines for five years, and tever heard a complaint against them, but abundant praise. We sold our drug store in Kansas, and will continue in the drug business here.

C. TEAGAR, M. D.,

Haller City, Suchomist Co., Washington

Cuticura Remedies

ire sold everywhere. Price CUTICURA, the great Scin Cure, Sc.; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin irifier and Beautiger, 25c,;CUTICURA RESOLVENT, e new Blood Purifier, #1. Prepared by the POTTER IF Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip. Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Ricumatism releved in one minute by the cutteura Auti-Pain Plaster, Price, 25 etc.

PIM PLES, black-heads, red, rough chapped and olly skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

feel the chill that comes over one when the bed clothing is not warm enough in the night. He thought that was what ailed him, and started to reach down his hand and put it up over him. The movement brought consciousness. How was this? Where was he? His mind recalled the events of the day and the evening storm. How could this be? Here he was sitting upright on the wet ground, his hands tied behind him, aching in every limb. Assuredly still in the land of the living. He looked up over his head.

It was not a delusion; it was reality. The rope was still about his neck, and there by his side on the ground, with the other end tied to it, was the limb of a tree. The blaze of light that had seemed so near him a few minutes before was in reality a flash of lightning occurring hours ago, for it was now broad daylight. It had struck that identical tree and freed him. There it

He heard a familiar sound near at hand. Could he believe his eyes? There was his mare contentedly grazing near by. He whistled to her and she came trotting to him, dragging at the end of a lariat the fron picket to which her captors had tied her the night before. It was too much for his feelings, and he broke down and cried like a child when he felt her soft nose on his face expecting the caress he usually gave her. Heaven had not only vindicated his innocence, but had returned his useful pet to him in his great need of her.

Benumbed and sore, it took him near-Iv an hour to free himself from the cruel ropes, but at last succeeding, he found his oil skin bag over near the adobe house and ate heartily. The spring quenched his thirst, and he felt like a man born

horse and continued the journey which had proved so full of incident to him. "I'll be a better husband to Mollie than before, bless her heart, for coming out he rode along the way that was rapidly I sent to the bank in Denver last week over the range to Frisco, and start life over again. Some day I'll come back here and find out who did kill Hank Green. His wife has that dust. She is welcome to the use of it. Maybe it's just as well to get away from that life

after all," and he rode on content. A wagon train sent over to the railroad town from Bluffville the next week Piano in Ebony, Mahogany, Oak, brought back the news of Elliott's escape, of his meeting with his wife and their departure to a place unknown. The rough mining camp had too much else to attend to to think long over the Some years afterward it was recalled to them in an unexpected manner. Victor Elliott had come back. His means and position acquired in his new home protected him from rough treatment, especially so when the townspeople learned that he was going over incident after incident, questioning man after man about the shooting of Hank Green, and of the money taken from him by force. His search was in vain. Nothing could be found out about who fired the shot. At his own request he was tried by a

jury, all the evidence weighed, and he was acquitted of the charge of murder. In a beautiful home in San Francisco there is a curious memento hanging in the owner's library. It is a part of a branch of a tree, holding a saddle, bridle you know it and so do L-Warren Chase in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Quick and Comfertable Trip Two new trains have been added to the already excellent connections east that the Great Rock Island conte has been offering to its patrons.
The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern

has put on a new tesin, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 a. m., and the Fort Wayne Pen nsylvania lines, one at 10:35 a. m. These are daily trains, scheduled on fast time, and arrived at New York city next afternoon at 2 o'clock, and via the first mentioned Hoston passengers reach their destination two hours later.

The fast vestibuled express from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via both Kansas (ity and St. Joseph, arrives at Chicago at 950 a.m., daily, and the vestibuled express from Omaha and the lows mein lines arrives at Chicago at 505 a.m., dail. John Shhastian teneral Toket and Passenger Agent. E. St. John, General Manager. fast time, and arrived at New York city

E. St. John, General Manager. Xmas photo's at Baldwin & Son's gal lery, 118 East Douglas. "Aristo" is the When you go, take the Frisco line to St. Louis and the east for the reason that it is the only Wichita line running two solid trains daily without change of any class to St. Louis morning and night and it is the only line having paises reclining chair and Pullman sleeping cars in morning and night trains. Always on time and sure of making eastern connections at St. Louis union depot.

For Kansas City, St. Louis and all points, east take the Missouri Pacific railway. The shortest line to St. Louis by 48 miles. No change of cars of any kind between Wichita and St. Louis. Only fifty hours between Wichita and New York City via he Missouri Pacific railway. City ticket flice 120 North Main street.

Are You doing to Washington Territory?
Farties emigrating to the northwes
will find it to their interest by calling a
the Rock Island ticket office for informs tion regarding rates, routes and accommo dations via this line. Do not not be de-ceived by agents of other lines as to this route. You are invited to call at the office and be convinced as to the superiority of the Great Rock Island route over all others. By patronizing this line you can have the choice of four different routes west of Denver. For speed, safety and comfort the Rock Island leads the procession. W. H. WISHABT, Ticket Agent. Office 100 East Douglas avenue, coorne denverses. Ma in street.

Through Sleeping Cars Kansas City to Hot

Springs.

Commencing Nov. 15 the Missouri Pacific Railway company will resume its through sleening car service between Kansas City and Hot Springs, Arkansas, "The World's Sanitarium and Resort," leaving Kansas City via the "Wagoner Route" through the beautiful Indian Territory and Arkansas Caller via Coffavyille World and Arkansas valley via Coffeyville, Wag-oner, Ft. Gibson, Van Buren, Ft. Smith and Little Rock. Foretickets, descriptive and illustrated pamphlet, and further in-formation call on or address company's agents or H. C. Townsend, G. P. Agt., St. Louis.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhosa. Twenty-fivecents a bottle. Used by millions of mothers.

Go east via the "New Short line, Mis-souri Pacific "Pleasant Hill route." Through sleeping and chair cars without change Wichita to St. Louis.

A handsome lithograph map of the city showing all the streets and location of th public buildings, etc., for sale at thi office.

Blanks of all kinds used in real estate transactions, court proceedings, justice blanks, all kinds and descriptions, can be purchased on the first floor, in the business

Blank charters and all kind of legal blanks for sale by THE WICHITA EAGLE,



ARTIFICIAL EUR. OFFILE GLASSES AND OFFICES INCOMMENTS OF ALL EROM. WM. KASSELL, Manager. WM. KASSELL, Manager. THOS. SHAW



THE - MUSIC - MAN

Look below and see if there is not something you want: Walnut, Satinwood; an Organ in Oak, Walnut, Satinwood, or Birds Eye Maple; a Guitar from \$5.00 to \$75.00, in Maple, Oak, Mohogany or Rosewood; a Violin from \$1.00 to \$100.00; a Cornet or any Band Instrument; A Domestic, White, Wheeler a Wilson, or Standard Sewing Machines. All the above at factory prices, you have no commisions or middle mens's profits to pay. All kinds of repairing neatly done. I sha'l be most happy to see you.

THOS. SHAW, 129 North Main Street.



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Bartrim & Osborne's

Stock draws immense crowds. Greatest Sale Greatest Crowd, Immense lot of bargains taken out hourly.

No such sale has ever been given you heretofore.

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